

Come Sister: Shepherdesse, looke on him better:
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.

Come, to our flocke,

Exit.

Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*.

Phe. Hah: what saist thou *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pittie me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Silvius*.

Sil. Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:

If you doe sorrow at my griefe in loue,

By giuing loue your sorrow, and my griefe
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would haue you.

Phe. Why that were couetousnesse:

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,
Thy company, which erst was irkefome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my loue,

And I in such a pouerty of grace,

That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop

To gleane the broken eares after the man

That the maine haruest reapes: looke now and then
A scatterd smile, and that Ile liue vpon. (while?)

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere-

Sil. Not very well, but I haue met him oft,

And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds

That the old *Carlos* once was Master of.

Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,

'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well,

But what care I for words? yet words do well

When he that speaks them pleases those that heare:

It is a pretty youth, not very prettie;

But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;

Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him

Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:

He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:

His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,

A littleriper, and more lustie red

Then that mixt in his cheek: 'twas iust the difference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.

There be some women *Silvius*, had they markt him

In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere

To fall in loue with him: but for my part

I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet

Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,

For what had he to doe to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke;

And now I am remembered, scorn'd at me:

I maruell why I answer'd not againe,

But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:

Ile write to him a very ranting Letter,

And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Silvius*?

Sil. *Phebe*, with all my heart.

Phe. Ile write it strait:

The matter's in my head, and in my heart;

I will be bitter with him, and passing short;

Goe with me *Silvius*.

Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Rosalind*, and *Celia*, and *Laques*.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted
with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Iaq. I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhor-
minable fellowes, and betray themselues to euery mo-
derne censure, worse then drunkards.

Iaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poete.

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which
is emulation: nor the Musicians, which is fantastical;
nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers,
which is ambitious: nor the Lawyers, which is politicks:
nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which
is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, com-
pounded of many simples, extracted from many obiects,
and indeed the fundrie contemplation of my trauels, in
which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humo-
rous sadnesse.

Ros. A Traueller: by my faith you haue great rea-
son to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands,
to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue
nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

Enter *Orlando*.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had ra-
ther haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to
make me sad, and to trauaile for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind*.

Iaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke
verse.

Ros. Farewell Mounseur Traueller: looke you
lisse, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits
of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your
natiuitie, and almost chide God for making you that
countenance you are; of I will scarce thinke you haue
swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where
haue you bin all this while? you a lover? and you
serue me such another tricke, neuer come in my sight
more.

Orl. My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my
promise.

Ros. Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that
will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake
but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs
of loue, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt
him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Rosalind*.

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my
sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snaille.

Orl. O of a Snaille?

Ros. I, of a Snaille: for though he comes slowly, hee
carries his house on his head; a better ioynture I thinke
then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie
with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why hornes: & such as you are faine to be be-
holding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his
fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker: and my *Rosalind* is
vertuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind*, as hee is your
Celia. It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a *Rosa-*

Celia. Come, woome me, woome mee: for now I am in a
holly-day humor, and like enough to consent: What
would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie
Rosalind?

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke:

Ros. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you
were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take oc-
casion to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out,
they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God auaire vs)

matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins
new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his Beloued
Mistress?

Ros. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistress,
orl should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suite?

Ros. Nor out of your apparrell, and yet out of your
suite:

Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orl. I take some ioy to say you are, because I would
be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you.

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Ros. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is
almost fix thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there
was not anie man died in his owne person (videlicet) in
a loue cause: *Troilus* had his braines dash'd out with a
Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before,
and he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would
haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd
Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsummer-night, for
(good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hel-
lespont, and being taken with the crampe, was drown'd,
and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was
Hero of Cestos. But these are all lies, men haue died
from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not
for loue.

Orl. I would not haue my right *Rosalind* of this mind,
for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come,
now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming-on dis-
position: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then loue me *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Ros. I, and twentie such.

Orl. What saiest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a
good thing: Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and
marrie vs: giue me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you
say sister?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, will you *Orlando*.

Cel. Goe too: wilt thou *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Ro-*

salind?
Orl. I will.

Ros. I, but when

Orl. Why now, as

Ros. Then you mu

Orl. I take thee.

Ros. I might aske

But I doe take thee

gitle goes before the

thought runs before

Orl. So do all tho

Ros. Now tell me

ter you haue posselt

Orl. For euer, an

Ros. Say a day, w

are Aprill when they

Maides are May whe

ges when they are v

thee, then a Barbary

clamorous then a Pa

led then an ape, more

key: I will weepe fo

taine, & I will do that

I will laugh like a Hy

to sleepe.

Orl. But will my

Ros. By my life, &

Orl. O but she is

Ros. Or else shee

the wifer, the way w

mans wit, and it will

'twill out at the key-

smoke out at the ch

Orl. A man that l

say, wit whether wil

Ros. Nay, you mi

met your wiues wit

Orl. And what w

Ros. Marry to fa

shall neuer take her

her without her to

make her fault her h

her childe her selfe,

Orl. For these tw

Ros. Alas, deere l

Orl. I must attend

I will be with thee

Ros. I, goe your v

you would proue, n

thought no lesse: th

me: 'tis but one cast

clocke is your howr

Orl. I, sweet *Ros*

Ros. By my troth

mend mee, and by a

rous, if you breake

minute behinde you

patheticall breake-p

and the most vnwor

may bee chosen out

full: therefore bew

mise.

Orl. With no lesse

my *Rosalind*: so adie

Ros. Well, Time

such offenders, and

Cel. You haue fi